

IT IS NOT THE WILL OF YOUR FATHER WHICH IS IN HEAVEN.

THE CHILD AT HOME

THAT ONE OF THESE LITTLE ONES SHOULD PERISH.

VOL. XIV. No. 5.]

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[MAY, 1873.]



MORE "BEAUTIFUL THINGS."

SUPPOSE you have not forgotten what I wrote about "Beautiful Things." Here are more of them. Mamma is counting Lily's toes, and thinks they are very pretty. I think there are few things so pretty as a sweet little baby just after its bath! I do like to kiss and hug such a creature!

I am thankful that babies are so sweet and beautiful, but I do not think their beauty is what makes their mammas love them. Do you? Did you ever see a baby that was lame, or ugly, that was not loved by its mother? I never did, and I have

thought that mothers love the unfortunate ones the best. How do you explain this?

I think God makes it so, and that this is one of the signs of his goodness to us.

TWO WAYS OF READING THE BIBLE.

BY A. L. O. E.

WOULD you like another chapter, Lilian dear?" asked Kate Everard of the invalid cousin, to nurse whom she had lately come from Hampshire.

"Not now, thanks; my head is tired," was the feeble reply.

Kate closed her Bible with a feeling of slight disappointment. She knew that Lilian was slowly sinking under incurable disease, and what could be more suitable to the dying than to be constantly hearing the Bible read? Lilian might surely listen, if she were too weak to read to herself. Kate was never easy in mind unless she perused at least two or three chapters daily, besides a portion of the Psalms; and she had several times gone through the whole Bible from beginning to end. And here was Lilian, whose days on earth must be few, tired with one short chapter!

"There must be something wrong here," thought Kate, who had never during her life kept her bed for one day through sickness. "It is a sad thing when the dying do not prize the Word of God."

Such was the hard thought which passed through the mind of Kate, and she felt it her duty to speak on the subject to Lilian, though she scarcely knew how to begin. "Lilian," said Kate, trying to soften her naturally quick, sharp tones to gentleness, "I should have thought that now, when you are so ill, you would have found special comfort in the Scriptures."

Lilian's languid eyes had closed, and said he them, and, with a soft, earnest gaze on her cousin, replied, "I do—they are my support; I have been feeding on one verse all the morning."

"And what is that verse?" asked Kate.

"Whom I shall see for myself," began Lilian slowly, but Kate cut her short.

"I know that verse perfectly; it is in Job; it comes just after 'I know that my Redeemer liveth;' the verse is, 'Whom I shall see for myself, and mine eyes shall behold, and not another.'"

"What do you understand by the expression, 'not another'?" asked Lilian.

"Why, of course, it means—well, it means, I suppose, that we shall see the Lord ourselves," replied Kate, a little puzzled by the question, for, though she had read the text a hundred times, she had never dwelt on its meaning.

"Do you think," said Lilian, rousing herself a little, "that the last three words are merely a repetition of 'whom I shall see for myself'?"

"Really, I have never so particularly considered those words," answered Kate. "Have you found out any remarkable meaning in that 'not another'?"

"They were a difficulty to me," replied the invalid, "till I happened to read that in the German Bible they are rendered a little differently; and then I searched in my own Bible, and found that the word in the margin of it is like that in the German translation."

"I never look at the marginal references," said Kate, "though mine is a large Bible, and has them."

"I find them such a help in comparing Scripture with Scripture," observed Lilian.

Kate was silent for several seconds. She had been careful daily to read a large portion from the Bible; but to "mark, learn, and inwardly digest it," she had never even thought of trying to do. In a more humble tone she now asked her cousin, "What is the word which is put in the margin of the Bible instead of 'another' in that difficult text?"

"A stranger," replied Lilian; and then, clasping her thin, wasted hands, she repeated the whole pas-

sage on which her soul had been feeding with silent delight: "Whom I shall see for myself, and mine eyes shall behold, and NOT A STRANGER." O! Kate," continued the dying girl, while unbidden tears rose to her eyes, "if you only knew what sweetness I have found in that verse all this morning, while I have been in great bodily pain! I am in the Valley of Shadow—I shall soon cross the dark river; I know it; but He will be with me, and not a stranger. He is the Good Shepherd, and I know his voice; a stranger would I not follow. And when I open my eyes in another world, it is the Lord Jesus whom I shall behold, my own Saviour, my own tried Friend, and not a stranger; I shall at last see Him whom, not having seen, I have loved."

Lilian closed her eyes again, and the large drops, overflowing, fell down her pallid cheeks; she had spoken too long for her strength. But the feeble sufferer's words had not been spoken in vain.

"Lilian has drawn more comfort and profit from one verse, nay, from three words, in the Bible, than I have drawn from the whole book," reflected Kate. "I have but read the Scriptures; she has searched them. I have been like one floating carelessly over the surface of waters under which lie pearls; Lilian has dived deep, and made the treasure her own."

Let me earnestly recommend the habit of choosing from our morning portion of the Bible some few words to meditate over during the day. At a mothers' meeting which I attend, each of the women in her turn gives a text to be remembered daily by all during the week, and in every family such a custom might be found helpful. It is by praying over, resting on, feeding on God's Word, that we find that it is indeed spirit and life, and to the humble, contrite heart sweeter than honey and the honeycomb. — *Family Friend*.

THE CHILD AT HOME.

BOSTON, MAY, 1873.

National, Christian, Unsectarian.

KEEPING IT UP!

LAST year, in May, I remember I said that a certain Sunday-school had sent some money to the treasurer of the American Tract Society to enable him to give papers to schools that are not able to pay for them. This year the same school, which is in Providence, has done the same thing again. We are sending off the papers too, and many boys and girls will thank that school for giving them pretty papers.

I think every boy and girl in the Providence school, who gave any of this money, will feel the happier for it. There is another Sunday-school, in Brookline, near Boston, that has sent us a good deal of money; and there are a great many others that I cannot stop to mention, for it would make *THE CHILD AT HOME* read too much like a catalogue.

What I wish to say is, that it is a good thing to give *once*, but it is a great deal better to keep it up! By keeping it up, we get into a habit of giving, and I think that good habits of this kind are grand things for us all to have.

I am told that Dr. Todd has written about "Little by Little," a story in which he shows how a man milking a cow only milks a very little at a time, but that by keeping it up he makes the pail overflow at last.

Now if one Sunday-school sends us forty dollars, what should we not be able to do if a thousand should send us the same? Just think of it! Forty thousand dollars! Even if they could not all send so much, we should have a large sum if each one would send in a little.

I wish you would think of it!

It is not too late to send us the names of subscribers for our papers. The National Family Almanac is still offered free to all who send fifty cents for *The Christian Banner* for one year, and subscriptions may begin with any month.

If you have not seen *Apples of Gold*, you had better send for specimens. It comes every week, and is full of pictures.

IF I WERE YOU.

BY H. E. B.

WHAT would I do, if I were you?
First thing, I'd make a rule
To put my hat and boots in place,
When I come home from school.

What would I do, if I were you?
I wouldn't pout and cry,
Because I couldn't have my way
About a piece of pie.

What would I do, if I were you?
I'd speak a pleasant word
To this and that one in the house,
And not be sour as curd.

What would I do, if I were you?
I'd not fly off apace,
Into a raging passion, when
Another took my place.

And when a body asked my help,
I'd try to do a favor,
So that it should not always have
A disobliging flavor.



THE BONNETS.

If I were you, my little friend,
I'd try to be so good
That my example, all around
Might follow if they could.

I'd go to Jesus now, and give
To Him my naughty heart;
Ask Him to make it new and pure,
And his own love impart.

Then 'twill be easy to obey
His law and parents' rule;
And you'll be happy, too, as good,
At home, or play, or school.

THE BONNETS.

EVELYN and Susie were not allowed to go to church one Sunday, and were left entirely alone in the house. For some minutes they were quiet, and found pleasure in looking over their *Apples of Gold* and other papers, but soon they wanted a book, and Susie went up to the library to get one.

As she passed through mamma's room, she noticed one of the bonnet boxes on the bed, and opened it, just to see what was in it. It contained one of the biggest old bonnets you ever saw.

She put it on, and soon Evelyn came up to see what Susie was doing, and she began to play with the bonnet, and they found more boxes and bonnets, and had a gay time. This picture shows how they looked when mamma came home. She said they had been "in mischief," and that they knew better than to have acted so. I shall not tell you what she

did to them, but this I will say, — they did not play with bonnets the next time they were left at home alone on a rainy Sunday.

How sweet Evelyn's face looks in the mirror! One would hardly think she is doing wrong, and yet I guess she knows she is.

LITTLE FLORENCE.

LITTLE Florence, fond and free,
Playing by the apple-tree,
Laughing on her mother's knee;

Sunbeams slanting on her hair,
Flowing wreaths of flow'rets fair
Dangling from her in the air.

Fast and faster go her feet
Where the grass and sunshine meet;
Joyful Florence! Life is sweet.

Florence, mild and weak,
Ule looking from her cheeks,
Scarcely can she move or speak;

Looks out to the falling rain;
All a mother's cares are vain;
Pillows may not ease her pain.

Gladness has a fitting will —
How came she to taste of ill?
Joy is evanescent still.

Little Florence, weak and worn,
Like a faint star left forlorn,
Trembling on the point of morn;

Angel forms are in the air,
Flitting on the golden stair,
Bearing up a mother's prayer.

Little Florence, cold and dead,
Green grass growing overhead,
Waiting for thy wonted tread;

Lying by the apple-tree,
Sunshine comes to look for thee,
Comes to crown thy wonted glee.

And thy mother leaves her home,
Comes here, where she used to come;
Silent Florence! Death is dumb.

Little Florence, clothed in white,
Looking back upon the night,
Standing in the shadeless light!

Walking up the golden street,
Sitting at the Saviour's feet,
Where the pure and holy meet!

Shadows stood on yonder shore,
Waiting for thee heretofore;
They shall wait for thee no more.

Thou didst pass them o'er the flood,
Left them standing where they stood;
Angel Florence! God is good.

Chambers's Journal.

THE LITTLE ROMISH CHURCH IN MONTREAL.

BY REV. E. A. RAND.

IT was a queer little church we saw, that we want to tell the boys and girls about. It was many years old, and looked rough and weather-worn, like a ship that had been a long time at sea. The steep roof, that shot up above the walls of stone, was covered with square bits of tin flashing in the sun. Such a little martin-house of a belfry it carried on one end, and on the other was an image. All along one side of the church, built snug on to it, was a row of brick buildings. It seemed like a mother with a good many little ones clinging to her skirts.

We went inside the church. It was just as queer and old there as without. There were faded pictures, rusty gilding, cheap and gaudy images. Candles were burning dimly about the altar that carried the figure of Christ on the cross.

One thing we thought beautiful: the church stood open for any one to come in and pray. Just beyond, was a huge market. There the butcher was cutting his meat, the farmer peddling his potatoes, the apple-woman trying to sell her basket of fruit. Everything was nervous and noisy. In the old church it was still, and people were dropping in to pray. I watched them coming in. One man looked like a sailor from a coal-vessel. There was a poor old errand-man with a basket of herbs on his arm. A woman going home from market came into the church, a melon in her hands. Some of the people seemed to be journeying, and slipped down the aisle carrying travelling bags. Near the door, there was a vessel of "holy water," as they called it, water the priest had blessed. So they thought it specially good. Every Romanist as he came in would dip his fingers in the "holy water," and, touching the forehead, the breast, each shoulder, make the sign of the cross. They did it also going out.

By and by came a woman and little boy. I guess it was almost dinner-time, and she was in a hurry, for they didn't stay long. The little fellow couldn't reach the water, so his mother dipped her finger in the water and touched his forehead for him.

Three other children came in, girls, perhaps right from school, and I wondered what they would do. They stepped inside, reached up to the "holy water" like any of the old people, crossed themselves, and then moved up the aisle, first half dropping on the knee. When they came to one of the old pews away up in front, they began to pray. The prayer over, they came down the aisle, bowing once more, and then took of the "holy water" again.

I thought it was beautiful to have the church open and the people dropping in, especially those looking worn and old, just as if to the martin-house-belfry above, the tired birds had come flying home from a storm. What I didn't like to see was that some moved their lips in prayer, and yet looked about, idle and careless. It seemed like something on the outside. I am afraid the sailor was thinking of his coal-vessel, the errand-man of his herbs, the woman of her dinner.

As for the "holy water"—why, what is in the well, or runs from the pipe brought into the kitchen, is just as holy. God saw "it was good," and blessed it a long time ago. The more we use it, the greater blessing we shall get. It would be better for all, whether sprinkled on the outside or not, if they used more inside.

A woman in black, away at the farther end of the church, knelt and looked up to the image of Mary the mother of Jesus. I think she was praying to Mary. I pitied the woman in black. She needed sympathy.

We must look to Jesus, though not to his mother. His sympathy is full, even as the ocean; hers only human, like the little stream. Besides, we are not to pay such honors to a creature as the Papists pay to Mary. It is idolatry. I wish those who knelt in the old church would think of these things, for it touched me to see them at their prayers, the church open to them in their trouble, like a mother's arms.



ON THE FENCE.

I like to see in our own land the door of God's house thrown back. I love the hour when a cheerful light shines out of the vestry windows, and God's people are coming in to pray with one another. I hope we all love to meet with them. God loves to look down and see the children among his dear people.

"He that trusteth in his riches shall fall: but the righteous shall flourish as a branch."



BARRING THE DOOR

"ON THE FENCE."

HERE is a boy "on the fence." He does not decide on which side to get down.

There are many boys like him. They know well enough on which side the right is, but they are not quite decided to do right. They discuss the question. Now, it is best not to sit

"on the fence," but just as soon as you know what is right, do it.

We despise men who are "on the fence." They cannot be trusted. We do not know on which side they will get down. I would say to the boy in the picture, "Get down from the fence, my boy, and be sure you are on the side of the right."

BARRING THE DOOR.



WHAT dreadful times our great-grandfathers and great-grandmothers had when they lived in houses made of logs, and were in danger of the attacks of savages!

I suppose some Indians have wounded the man on the floor in this picture, and that they are just on the outside of the door which the other man is trying to bar.

It is painful to look at such a picture, but I think it is well to do so, once in a while, so that we may not forget the pains and hardships of the early settlers of our land.

We ought to try to do good to the Indians, and a great many are trying to do them good.

BE KIND TO GRANDMOTHER.

BY C. M. W.



WHOSE grandmother? Your grandmother, my little reader; and I will tell you why I wish you to be so.

In a quiet town in Connecticut, years ago, there lived a little boy whose name was Charlie. He was the youngest of four children. He was kind to his father, mother, brother, and sisters, and had a loving heart, but was very passionate, which means he wished to have his own way.

He did not live with his grandmother, but she, living near, often came to stay with the children when the parents were absent. One Sunday this kind grandmother came to remain with them while the father and mother went to church. Charlie was only three years old. He was so glad to see his dear grandmother he kissed her and said he would be a nice boy, the "goodest" boy in the world, better than his brother Vincent. The good grandmother as usual told stories of Joseph and his pretty coat, David with his sling, Moses in the tiny ark. Charlie was pleased to hear them, and was very happy.

By and by he grew hungry, but grandmother did not think it best for him to have anything to eat at that time. This made Charlie vexed and naughty, O! so naughty! He cried out, "I will have something to eat; I will have something to eat!" and went to the cupboard, and tried to open the door, but could not, for it was locked. Charlie's anger knew no bounds, and with all his might he began to kick his good grandmother. The kind, patient old lady was deeply grieved, for her gentle, loving words did not soothe the child.

Soon she went to her home. In a few days she was taken ill and died, and was buried out of Charlie's sight forever. Little Charlie has grown to be a man, has battled with life many years; he remembers not the pleasant face of his loved grandmother, but the bitter memory of his unkindness in kicking this affectionate relative, leads him often to pray for forgiveness for this very wicked act. Dear children, if in after years you would be happy, and retain pleasant memories of childhood, do not forget to be kind to your grandmother.

STRAY NOTICES.

A FEW Sundays ago, I went to a church, on my field, for the purpose of organizing a school.

On my arrival, I found a large congregation assembled to hear a minister preach; I soon learned from him that he was opposed to Sunday-schools. He would not consent for me to address the people before he did. After he was through with his long sermon, I again asked the privilege of talking to

the people about organizing a school. He said he had a very important notice that must be read first. He then read the following:—

"STRAYED.—A large black mule. He had on, when he left, a halter; and is branded on the left hip with the letter S. Is about four years old. Any one returning said mule to James S— will be liberally rewarded."

I then got up before the audience and read my notice:—

"STRAYED.—Quite a number of boys from their homes, near this place, this Sunday morning. When they left they had on their shoulders guns and fishing poles. They are branded by the frowns of a just God. Any one returning said boys and placing them in a Sunday-school will be rewarded at the right hand of God."

This last notice had its effect. The school was organized; and these boys have been brought in, and the school is prospering.

"THE CHILD AT HOME."

HOW many pleasant and pretty thoughts are suggested by the heading of this little paper! The child who is surrounded by loving parents, and dear brothers and sisters, is indeed a happy child; but have you ever thought, children, how it would seem to be a child *always* at home?

You enjoy the going out from your home (as well as the coming in) sometimes for a day, or even a half day: or it may be some of you are very happy at the thought of passing a week away, at grandpa's or auntie's, or with some other dear friend.

But how would it seem to be crippled in your limbs, or languid and weak, so that you could not walk forth into the bright sunshine, nor even pass the threshold of your door. Your bright eyes sadden at the thought. I have known a little girl, who is *always* a "child at home."

Little Minnie was a bright and sprightly child of twelve years. I remember her sparkling eyes in the school-room, where she came to me to be taught, and of meeting her on her woodland rambles for wild flowers. But her Heavenly Father saw fit to send sickness to her, laying her upon a bed of weakness and suffering. The weak spine did not strengthen as the fever abated, and it was very sad to feel, as days and weeks went by, that Minnie's bed was to be her home. Months grew into years, with no change for the better; but although her little feet could no longer tread the accustomed paths, her Heavenly Father saw fit to show her, while lying there so helpless, the "path of life," and fill her heart with his love.

What do you think was the first thing she thought of after she felt her heart warmed by this new love? She wanted to be baptized, because it was Christ's command; so, soon after, the minister of God, at her earnest request, took her in his arms and baptized her "in the name of the Father, Son, and Holy Ghost."

I have many times seen her in her little room, made attractive by the pictures and ornaments around it, but the sweet smile of patience on Minnie's face was *more* attractive, and taught a lesson

worth learning. When I spoke to her of her weary days and nights, she said, "O! this is all for some reason;" showing, that though the reason was a hidden one, her faith in the Saviour told her it was all right, because He willed it.

She told me once how happy she should be even to lie out on the green grass amid the singing birds and flowers of summer, but I believe she will have her share of the beautiful things by and by when she gets home to her Father's house.

It is now eight years since Minnie's bed was her home, and she still lives near me, a patient sufferer. We still call her "little" Minnie, and though she has so long been a stranger to the freedom that others enjoy, yet we know when Jesus calls her she will go to be in those beautiful mansions above, forevermore a "child at home."

L. U.

WE wish to have many more subscribers to THE CHILD AT HOME.



OUT OF THE DARK.

"AFTER MANY DAYS."

BY ALTHEA.

AYE, "after many days,"
No matter when, or where,
The bread thus cast, the seed thus sown,
Shall spring up fresh and fair.

Cast it around thy home;
Be sure 'tis not in vain:
Though thou mayst never see
That scattered bread again,

Yet far in after years,
When thou hast run thy race,
And other feet shall tread
Thy once familiar place,

Though "after many days,"
The bread shall still be found,
And what thy love hath cast,
Shalt clothe the barren ground.

And when the golden gates
Shall open to receive
Some, whom perchance thou didst
In doubt and trembling leave,

Then "after many days,"
How shalt thy heart rebound,
When harps of gold shall hail
The bread forever found.

OUT OF THE DARK.



Is this a dog or a cat, coming out of the dark into the bright room where the children are playing by the firelight?

I wonder if that boy intends to strike it with the poker? I hope not. We ought to be kind to animals. The six children are having a pleasant time, and the cat or dog will be happier with them than in the dark out of doors. Nothing that has life thrives so well in the dark as in the sunlight. Only dead things ought to be always in the dark. It is a bad sign if boys or men love darkness rather than light. Don't be afraid of the light!

ENIGMA.

I AM composed of 27 letters.

My 9, 27, 15, 3, is an ancient name for a prophet.

My 18, 2, 11, 24, was one of the patriarchs.

My 14, 6, 23, 21, 8, 13, is the name of a place in Bible history.

My 17, 20, was an ancient king.

My 1, 19, 26, 25, was the great purifier.

My 9, 11, 7, 11, 10, is the name of one of the mothers of the Bible.

My 12, 11, 14, 11, 16, is an important man of early Bible history.

My 5, 19, 27, 13, was the builder of Jericho.

My 22, 19, 4, 10, 15, were given by the Jews.

My whole is a blessed promise in Revelation.

ANSWERS TO QUESTIONS IN APRIL NUMBER.

Questions about Angels. 1. Jude 6; Isa. xiv. 12. 2. Ps. lxxviii. 49; Rev. xii. 9. 3. 1 Kings xix. 5. 4. Acts xii. 7-10. 5. Rev. ix. 11. 6. Col. ii. 18. 7. Rev. ii. 1; Rev. iii. 1, 7. 8. Ps. xxxiv. 7. 9. Heb. xii. 22. 10. Rev. xxi. 12. 11. Matt. xxii. 30. 12. Gen. xlviii. 16.

Concealed Fruit, etc. Onion. Leek. Lentile. Fig. Lily. Rose. Apple. Grape. Corn. Wheat. Almond. Aloes.

Acrostic. Remaliah. Rizpah. Etam. Myra. Altar. Luke. Incense. Ashes. Hyssop.

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